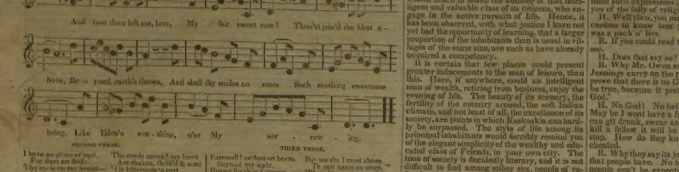
Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post
AND BULLETIN;
A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Bulletin, No. 273. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 26, 1833. Vol. XIII.—Whole No. 600.

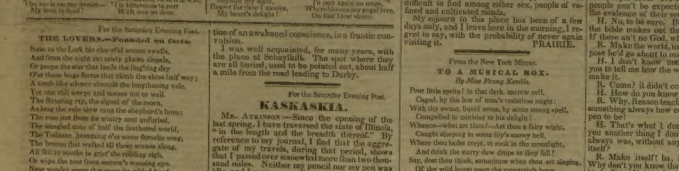
"AND HAST THOU LEFT ME, LOVE?"

Words by J. N. Maffitt, *on the death of his Daughter.—Music composed for the Casket, by* M. Hamer.

And hast thou left us, love, My fair sweet rose? Thou'rt join'd the blest a-



bove, Re - pose amid earth's throes, And shall thy smiles no more Such soothing enchantment



bring, Like Eden's sun - shine, o'er My sor - row - ing, SECOND VERSE.

I love ye plains of turf, The creeds among I say boast I love the shades, O field & sky! I love ye mountains' heights, I'll not name no more, Farewell! earthen sod no more, Where the dew drops lie. My heart's delight!

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE LOVER'S—Furnished on every Sonn as the Lark let rise of his morning wing, And from the night air's misty shoals floats, And the sun's bright beams, with the dawning day Of their huge forms that climb the misty half way; A tomb like silence shrouds the lengthening vale, Till the old cock crows from out the farm yard, The flittering ray, the signal of the noon, Ashing the air, and ring the shepherd's horn; The rose put from its watery cool and sweet, The mingled note of half the feathered world, The Tuneful throng of the wood's evening song, The breeze that wafted all these scenes about, All this to soothe to grief the reeling sigh, Or was the last fair woman's weeping eye. Near yonder spear that rears its gilded head To heaven's blue arch, and glitters in the sun, There John slowly treads the meadow's green And sweet with the dew that flesh is spread, Why does thou here this lonely footstep tread?

Kind avenue lead, pray lend a listening ear And then shall one sheer lake of sorrow bear. And where thou art now swallow'd in the wood That earliest flower and that sleepiest ground. There lonely of thy self and lonely among Thy youth passed on, and I no sorrow knew. At night no phantom troubled my repose, No storm found me in thy wild shades to close. Alas! unknown, our fates in silence move, Young Jobson never knew since was she lot to love. As time brought round new scenes as on he drew Her young misfortune for each other grew! Love knows no bounds it does all time control I loved him, yes, and yet I knew not why. My father, wealthier, proudest in the land, Could not his children wed to another hand. Poverty, young Edwin! Poverty was thine, 'Twas that first sad poverty that I saw with mine; For this my father drove him from the door, And fiercely bid him there be seen no more: Woe to the child who's lot it is to bear Thy last long look as Edwin went away. Let those rocks of Snow Hagan tell The griefs that wrung me and the tears that fell! Or ask the midnight hour if e'er I slept When on my bed the sad remembrance crept. One lingering year in loitering agony had run Before my sum of banishment was done— Some little news I had my parents to hear When I again beneath my native roof reclined. Alas! some news I had to hear indeed My injured Edwin was, he was no more! Consumption soon his bed-clothes shroud This sorrow had in store for me— For me he grieved, for me he sank and died, I soon shall follow him to the grave.

One morn o'er head appeared the specious wave For John slumbered lifeless on young Edwin's grave! One cross of wood the only object left, Was sought but there two simple lines to read:

Here sorrow, pause and drop a grateful tear, Know that two faithful lovers slumber here.

THE FOUNDLING.

It was late in the evening of a summer's day, in the year 1745, an honest merchant sat in the city of Philadelphia on his way home, found an infant, which had been carelessly exposed in the second mantle, laying before a door sill. It appeared to be but a few days old; and while he cursed the hard hearted mother, who had exposed the new born infant, he took the poor creature in his arms, and concluded to do all that was in his power for it; he nursed it as one of his own children, and called it after his name, and had he lived, it would never have felt the want of a father. But he died while it was a helpless infant, and it became dependent upon the generosity of its future support. Fredrick (for so he was called) was given to be nursed at a pepper pot, bound to an unfeeling master. He already, in his early days, showed the traces of a noble and honorable genius; and he lived so disagreeably with his master, that in the twelfth year of his age he ran away, and went on board of a ship.

After experiencing the various vicissitudes of fortune for nine years, he was at last found a soldier in the British army. The history of his early days was deeply impressed on his mind. He knew that from his birth he had been abandoned by his parents. he recollected his unfeeling master, and he swore to revenge himself against the land which gave him birth; he now sought for his revenge under the flag of the British, who were at that time at war with America.

In a short while after his arrival, after the battle of Brandywine, he accompanied a scouting party, which directed its course towards Schuylkill. After a long and fatiguing march, he waded through a deep mire, which was overgrown with bushes, and finally arrived at a country house, at the margin of the wood; they forced themselves in and found an American officer, whose fresh wounds proved that he had been engaged in battle. They plundered the house, and drank until they were all intoxicated. Several of them even abused the wounded officer, who appeared to be a man of noble mien. Fredrick being before him until Fredrick took hold of the young man and dragged him to the door. There was an inhabitant of another kind, and the American officer recognized in him his father, and called him, and called him. The report of a pistol followed like lightning, and the officer fell dead on the floor. Fredrick cried out, "Father! father! he has murdered my brother!" and she fell in a swoon at the feet of her husband. Neither; while the weak old woman, in a frantic fit, staggered from one end of the room to the other, calling for help. It was as terrible an act as can be imagined.

But that was not the end. That innocent, tender and amiable girl, that numbered but sixteen years, and whose whole delight consisted in the death of her brother, with soft blue eyes, full of unutterable pain; without a hand to succour her brother's murderer, fell at the feet of her sight as offering to those inhuman soldiers.

Horror seized upon those contemptible hearts, most tender feelings, and most delicate frame, most innocent soul. Fredrick, who had been from the heart-strings of mercy bereft. The unfortunate girl was notwithstanding preserved from the fate of her parents. She was by the British army snatched forward, she was found a corpse, and buried in the ground.

The unfortunate mother applied to the English officers for justice, and the murderer of his family forth to be examined. I talked with one who was a witness of the whole examination. Murder, robbery and arson were the principal charges. Not when the defendant related the history of his life, she heard him with disgust to the end, and the soldiers, with terrible convulsions, from her seat. She had recognized him; he was her first born, her oldest son. On fruit of a forbidden intercourse with the man she had afterwards married, and made the father of her children, whom the accident, banished and precipitated, bloody and dishonored, into the grave.

In this manner, at last, the cause of the crime fell upon the accuser—Fredrick was executed—and the distressed mother died in the deepest tion of an awakened conscience, in a frantic convulsion.

I was well acquainted, for many years, with the place at Schuylkill. The spot where they all lie buried, could be pointed out to about half a mile from the road leading to Darby.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

KASKASKIA.

Mr. Atkinson:—Since the opening of the last spring, I have traversed the state of Illinois, in the south part of it, and have noted down by reference to my journal, I find that the aggregate of my travels, during that time, amounted that I passed over somewhat more than two thousand miles. Nothing very peculiar met my pen was some of the many interesting places I have visited. Will constitute a subject of interest, and interest your readers? Most of my life has been passed on the banks of the Ohio, and I have called on one of the "interminable prairies of Illinois," on the borders of which I still reside; and I confess that I am utterly incapable of forming any conception myself. If my sketches will not be interesting to others, I hope that they will reject them. Let me assure you, at the outset, that you need not apply to me for contributions. My sketches will, indeed, be drawn by an unskilful hand, but they shall, at least, possess the merit of being true.

At the close of a lovely September evening, I am writing to you from Kaskaskia, in the town of Illinois, founded the same year that the venerable William Penn laid the foundation of your good city of Brotherly Love.

The early settlers of this country condition of these several towns, present a striking contrast to the man who feels no interest in the history of early times; and who, when he visits them in the ruins of by-gone years, would find little in Kaskaskia to excite his attention. But to me, there is something in the stillness that reigns around it—in the mouldering walls and buildings whose former occupants have slept for ages in the church yard, near by; there is an indescribable something in the whole appearance of things that has long look at Kaskaskia west away.

The natural scenery of this place is strikingly grand and beautiful. The river of the same name, which winds along the western side of the town, is a clear, wide, placid stream, of sufficient depth for steam boats of the largest burthen to come to the town, a distance of seven miles from its mouth. On the opposite side of the river, and in full view of the town, the Bluff prairie rises gradually, and almost precipitous and unbroken cataract of forest, which, on the one hand, bounds the horizon.

I shall not attempt the natural history of this spot, lest, as I am not a botanist, I should be thought to have made a botanical excursion.

Kaskaskia is more than one hundred years from its first settlement, with the exception of a few military posts, Kaskaskia, surrounded by powerful savage tribes, and for many years the only white civilization. The French who settled this country, the friendship of the people for the Indians, and the manner in which they were indebted to the maxims of justice and generosity by which they regulated all their intercourse with them. From the history of the early settlers of this country, still extant, as well as from the accounts given by the few old inhabitants that are left, and linger around their native hearths, it is evident that the almost Arcadian simplicity characterized the early days of Kaskaskia. Separated from Europe by the Atlantic ocean and a thousand miles of forests, their own village was their world; and their mutual dependence, and daily kind exchange of good offices, tended to bind their hearts strongly together. The wants of life were few, and easily supplied, and it is difficult to conceive of any condition in which the lines of the "golden age," could be more nearly realized.

At an early date from its foundation, Kaskaskia, with the Illinois country, began to attract the commercial enterprise, and the lived so disagreeably with his master, that in the twelfth year of his age he ran away, and went on board of a ship.

After experiencing the various vicissitudes of fortune for nine years, he was at last found a soldier in the British army. The history of his early days was deeply impressed on his mind. He knew that from his birth he had been abandoned by his parents. he recollected his unfeeling master, and he swore to revenge himself against the land which gave him birth; he now sought for his revenge under the flag of the British, who were at that time at war with America.

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In this manner, at last, the cause of the crime fell upon the accuser—Fredrick was executed—and the distressed mother died in the deepest years, a large commercial town, and withdraw from it not a small portion of its remaining trade.

The superior advantages for business which many other towns in the area supposed, as also is not tended much to lessen the number of that intelligent and valuable class of its citizens, who engage in the active pursuits of life. Hence it has been observed, with what justice I leave not yet had the opportunity of learning, that a larger proportion of the inhabitants than is usual in villages of the same size, are such as have already acquired a competency.

It is certain that few places could present greater inducements to the man of leisure. And this. Here, if anywhere, could an intelligent man of wealth, retiring from the active duties of evening of life. The beauty of its scenery, the fertility of its country around, the soft Italian climate, and not least of all, the excellence of its society, all conspire to render it a delightful abode for be surpassed.

The principal inhabitants would forcibly remind you of the ancient simplicity of manners, and the cordial class of Friends, in your own city. The old men are venerable for their years, and it is not difficult to find among either sex, people of refined and cultivated minds.

My sojourn in this place has been of a few days only, and I leave here in the morning, I regret to say, with the probability of never again visiting it.

PRAIRIE.

From the New York Mirror.

TO A MUSICAL BOX.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Your little spirit! in that dark narrow cell.

Caged, by this law of man's restless might;
Whose wiry chords are all that bind your secret spell,
Compelled to minister to his delight!

Whence—what art thou?—Art thou a fairy wight,
Or sprite of flower, or bird, or viewless air?
Where thou hadst crept, in rock in the moonlight,
And didst in the starry dew drops in they fill?

Say, dost thou sometimes, when the night-wind sighs,
Of thy wild home upon the mountain's brow,
Thou there hast heard the wood-bird's melodies,
And still upon the season's airbe glow?

Upon whose honey bank thy filbert ply,
When thou art weary of thy cell-and thine,
Thou dost not sleep, but with thy folded wings,
Hiding in blossom from the sun's fierce gleam,

Whilst thou, in darkness, sing'st thy life away?
Or canst thou feel when the spring time returns,
Filling the earth with fragrance and with glee;
When joy in wide creation nothing mourns,

Of all thou free, save thee and me alone!
Oh, if thou canst, and we could hear thy peace,
How would thy sweet thoughts of thy native dell
Perchance shed gladness on the heart of man!

Sweetly and uselessly thy task fulfillest;
While thy sad minstrelsy is mingled with the bee.
To every soul, with honey dew distilling;
That hope in vain: for ever couldst thou sing

Thy language would be lost on human ear;
Therefore is denied to thee the power to sing
Thou'rt but a wanderer and a forsaken thing,
Whose tongue is mute, and whose life is dumb.

For fairy elves, like many other creatures,
Dear freeing memories, that come and go;
Or else they would not wander from their home

Sweetly and uselessly thy task fulfillest;
Thy life and melody are both thy own.
To every soul, with honey dew distilling;
That hope in vain: for ever couldst thou sing

Thy language would be lost on human ear;
Therefore is denied to thee the power to sing
Thou'rt but a wanderer and a forsaken thing,
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PRODUCTIONS OF CHANCE.

We accept the following amusing dialogue from a small paper published in the city of Paris, as a curiosity. The argument is founded upon so evident a principle, that it is difficult to imagine how so easy of comprehension to every understanding, could have escaped the attention of the learned to detect their eyes upon every thing even with the most acute and common sense.

Mr. Prosper.—Although I have not been report lately, though you, I have not been idle. I am of the opinion that I have discovered a secret in dialogue concerned, and I hasten to send it through the post to you. It may be proper to tell you that one of the persons engaged in the following conversations, appeared to be an unknown, but very interesting female. She was indeed and wearing a countenance of listless vacuity; but there was something in the turn of her eye and expression in his eye, as his face happened to turn from the public place where I lay the other seemed to me who always to be in communication by some powers, and who looked with sublime contempt upon the ordinary means of which we are forced to evidence.

Hunter.—I say, stranger, what's that 'ere thing you've got in your hand, that looks so speckled like?

Ramoner.—This? It's the 'Free Enquirer.'

H. The what?—I tell you wint, mister, you don't catch me with no such name as that 'ere, say at a fellow. If I did ask you a question, it was a civil one; and you needn't think to be wicked-same a body the free enquirer for it. We are not in the making free in our country.

R. I am in no mistake on my meaning. It was this paper I called the Free Enquirer, not you.

H. Hay! I say, stranger, what d'ye sell if's a paper and free enquirer too! Now if that ain't a cheese things?—To come right out, how can you prove that you're not a cheese?

R. It's a new-paper, published in New-York on supposed to have superstitious notions, that prevail about religion.

H. How does it do that?

R. By calling in question what is not and says that all religion is nonsense, and religious people are all knave or hypocrites.

H. I don't understand that some how. There was one John Davis that I knew, that was sawyer to fight, and get drunk and swear, and play cards, and went away of to a camp-meeting and got religion, and ever since he's been a better man, and behaved, sobered, honest fellow all about. And he was a knave, and a fool, and nothing could prevail on him to leave off his superstitious notions.

R. Then I will go to the neighboring provinces of Canada and Louisiana. A part of those territories have the scientific men of the place—many years of the hands of nations who speak a different language.

A few crumbling masses of stone are all that remain of the stately pile that constituted the Jesuit's College. The church still remains, covered with moss; a venerable and interesting relic of other days. The old and massive workmanship of this building are characteristic of the age in which it was constructed, and of the style in which it was built. The floor is of hewed plank, and the walls are covered with a coat of plaster, and made workmanship. The "forefathers of the hamlet," who have slept for more than a century in the consecrated ground, on which the church stands, have baptized here at the marble font, itself a curiosity, and here the marriage ceremony, and in the silence of the grave, have chanted "*Requiem Æternam*" and "*Dies Iræ*" over the remains of the first generation of the Indian spectator expressed the deep awe he felt in standing before the altar of the Christian God, and witnessing the solemn and impressive rites of his worship.

The number of inhabitants in this place and its vicinity exceeds that of the French, and every day is assimilating the customs and manners of the former more nearer to those of other American villages. The trade and population have greatly declined. It contains, at this time, but four stores, and probably less than seven hundred inhabitants. While Illinois was a territory, this was the seat of government. The Convention that formed the State Constitution, and one or two of the following sessions of the Legislature, were held here; after which, Vandalia became the capital.

As a place of business, there are now several towns in Illinois that rival Kaskaskia; Chester, for instance, will undoubtedly become, in a few Davis a fool—I tell you he isn't a fool, and he'd tik you in a minute—that is a fact, I'll go bail. But he's a clever fellow, any how, and I'll tell you how he's abused behind his back.

H. I didn't mean to abuse him, I only asked one mind such expressions; I only want to get to the bottom of the folly of religion.

R. Well then, you may go on. I begin to feel curious to know how you found out the bible was a pack of lies.

R. Why they say its just a superstitious notion that has prevailed for many years, and that men people can't be expected to believe nonsense in the evidence of their senses.

H. Hay! I say, stranger, I told you John Davis says, the bible makes out that God made the world; and if there isn't no God, who did make the world?

R. Make the world, indeed. How do you say you see? do you want to make the bible a liar?

H. I don't know nothing about it. I'll tell you to tell me how the world come if God didn't make it.

R. Come? It didn't come, it always was.

H. How do you know that?

R. Why, Reason teaches us so. If there won't something always have been could any thing ever happen to be?

H. That's what I don't know. And I'll tell you wint more than that, I don't know. What was always was, without any maker.—Did it make itself?

R. Make itself! ha, ha, that's a good one. Why how could it make itself? The oath is dead matter? It couldn't make itself any more than you could.

H. Well, so I should judge, and if it could'nt make itself, it couldn't make no thing else, I reckon, how it could change so much. The water runs, the grass grows full and rank, and the trees all burns up a heap of truck, beasts and birds and fishes and such like, lives and dies and nobody makes 'em. I can't understand that. They didn't always be, I know.

R. That's only the fortuitous concurrence of circumstances.

H. The what?

R. Why, its—its—it just happens so.

H. Is it now? well if it dont, my how—I wonder if such things as that happens. Why I've seen a heap of 'em myself, and never thought of its happening so.

R. Then you will acknowledge that the whole fabric of the world is a mere fortuitous concurrence.

H. What's that?

R. Why, its—its—it just happens so.

H. Is it now? well if it dont, my how!

of these works to the reading is singular; and it proves that we judge and feel by something else than that which is before us. If these books, and those of a similar kind which have preceded them, had been offered to us as Romances founded upon facts—as cunningly contrived fictions embodying historical truth without being it, and exposing and developing real characters without actually exhibiting them—they would have excited a very strong interest, and been looked upon as very ingenious and creditable novelties in the literature of the day—a new species of Historical Romance. But when they offer themselves to us as *bona fide memoirs* of the time, and written by the individual chiefly figuring in them,—the incredulous edit spoils every thing. These first two volumes of the work bring the memoirs down to the year 1785. The merit of them (such as it is) consists in the fund of anecdote which they embody relative to the Court of France, at the periods to which they refer.

Flinty Hearts.—Some of the ruined creditors of the Duke of York complain bitterly of the stone now erecting to a man whose debts remain unpaid. "We ask," say they, "for bread, and all we get is a stone."—*Figaro in London.*

A Successful Day.—On Tuesday, a woman named Thompson was committed for trial for robberies committed in St. John's Market. The prisoner appears to have had much more regard for diligence than for honesty. The property found in her possession when taken into custody, and the produce of her day's exertions, were a shoulder, a leg, and two loins of mutton, a cow's head and a half, half a pig's head, five pieces of beef, two pieces of bacon, three pig's shanks, five sheep's plucks, and half a hundred eggs.—*Liverpool Albion.*

Curious Detection of a Thief.—On Saturday morning, about one o'clock, as a policeman, of the name of Batty, was on duty in Shaftesbury Terrace, Pimlico, he observed the iron plate in the pavement over the cellar of No. 26, moving about, and on stooping down to ascertain the cause, up popped a hand, which was very near laying hold of him. As soon as the man recovered from the extreme fright which the sudden and unexpected rising of a human hand in such a place created, he proceeded to ascertain whether it belonged to a being of this or the other world: he was soon put in possession of the fact by the cry of a woman for assistance, who implored to be dragged through the hole, as she was nearly suffocated. The policeman inquired how she came there? when she replied she had been doing no harm. Finding it impossible to drag her through, he knocked up Mr. Summers, the landlord of the house. It appeared that the woman, who was a lodger in the house, and the wife of a soldier, proceeded to the cellar of her landlady, taking with her a pail and shovel, in order to help herself to the coals. Unfortunately for her, Mrs. Summers happened to pass the cellar at the time, and finding the door ajar locked it, not thinking it contained a woman. This was seven o'clock in the evening, and it was past one before she was extricated. There was not room in the place to stand upright, and the landlord, deeming her long imprisonment in such a hole sufficient punishment, would not give her in charge to the police; he, however, turned her out of the house.

The Proposal.—Miss M. a young heiress of considerable personal attractions, chanced to be seated at a dinner party next to a gentleman remarkable in the fashionable circles for the brilliancy of his wit, and who had long made one in the train of her admirers. The conversation turning on the uncertainty of life, "I mean to insure mine," said the young lady, archly, "in the *Hope*." "In the hope of what," said her admirer, "a *single* life is hardly worth insuring; I propose that we should insure our lives together, and if you have no objection, I should prefer the *Alliance*."

It is estimated that 100,000 watches are annually made in France, and about 200,000 are finished only, the movements of which are made in Switzerland, chiefly of gold, and 300,000 clocks, in bronze, gilt, or alabaster cases.

The windmills about Rotterdam present the most singular appearance; some are gilded, some carved, some are covered with rushes, others are in the style of Chinese pagodas.

Length of a Joke.—A man was tried for running away with a pair of boots from a shop door. In the course of examination, the judge asked a witness who had pursued and seized the prisoner:—"What did he say when you caught him?"

Witness—My Lord, he said he took the boots in a joke.

Judge—And pray how far did he carry the joke?

Witness—About forty yards, my Lord.

S. E. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, Jan. 26.

Girard Trust.—The Councils last evening elected the following members, Commissioners of the Girard Trust:

Select Council.—Joshua Lippincott, Lawrence Lewis, Manuel Eyre, Charles Massey, Jr.

Common Council—Henry Troth, J. J. Borie, Robert M'Mullin, Joseph R. Chandler.

An inquest was held over a man found dead at the lime kiln, in Race street, near the Schuylkill, on Sunday morning, at sun-rise, his name supposed to be Andrew O. Rice, 5 feet 6 or 7 inches high, about 40 years of age—had on a blue coat, two pair of gray pantaloons, snuff-colored waistcoat, red flannel and muslin shirts. Verdict of the jury, that he was suffocated. The body will be kept a day or two at the Coroner's burying ground for his friends.

JOHN DICKERSON, Coroner.

An ineffectual attempt was made to rob the U. S. mail near Quintus Grove, on the 15th ult. The driver discovered a man standing at the side of the side of the road, who, as soon as he came opposite to him, gave a signal by blowing a horn, on which two others appeared from the woods. One of the three cried, "catch him," and they all attempted to seize the horse; one of them got a slight hold of the bear skin which covered the mail, but by a timely cut of the whip, the driver escaped.

Steam Carriage.—It is the opinion of some of our most experienced and intelligent citizens, that McAdamised roads with steam carriages will, in a few years, become the most popular and best mode of travelling. A steam carriage, it is said, can be propelled 25 miles per hour on one of these roads and as easily managed as a stage coach. The proprietors of the Boston and Salem stage line are about making the experiment.

The New Jersey State Gazette says the Legislature so far, have been mostly engaged on private bills, which they are passing upon with commendable industry. The question of building a new State Prison, will, it is expected, be decided this session. The joint committee have reported the result of their enquiries upon the subject, which is now printing for consideration.

The estimated cost of the contemplated establishment, with 300 cells, is 150,000 dollars.

Mechanical Rulers.—The Mayor of New York is a leather-dresser; the Mayor of Boston is a mechanic; the late Mayor of Washington is a printer; the Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts was a journeyman pressman; Mr. Burges, M. C. of R. Island, was a blacksmith; there are three printers in the Senate of Pennsylvania, and six in the House, and at least twenty in the Legislature of Massachusetts.

The Providence Journal contains several columns of the testimony given in an examination of the Rev. Mr. Avery, charged with the murder of Sarah M. Cornell. The Journal says: "The civil authorities are not able to find the Rev. Mr. Avery in Bristol, and the general impression is, that he has either absconded, or is secreted by his friends." The conduct of Mr. A. since his examination, will tend to strengthen the suspicion of his guilt. If innocent of the charge, it is hardly probable that he would so soon have been "among the missing."

Glorious uncertainty of the law.—H. Nickolls was indicted before the U. S. Court at Columbus, (Ohio,) on the 25th ult. for passing a counterfeit $100 note, purporting to be issued by the President and Directors of the Bank of the United States; but it appearing that said note contained the words "President, Directors and Company of the Bank of the United States," the prisoner was acquitted!

The celebrated Indian Chief Red Jacket, when told what a fine country the Government had provided for the Indians, provided they would give up their own lands and emigrate, remarked, that the distant country could not be so good as represented, "else why did the white man want the Indians to go there,—*why not go there himself?*"

Valley of the Mississippi.—The following is a correct exhibit of the relative strength of each religious society.

We have often heard this valley depicted, from the desk, as the valley of the shadow of death, as it regards religious privileges—but surely such men never could have travelled over this "Father land."

Denominations.	*Preachers.*	*Churches.*	*Communicants.*
Methodists, circuit and local	1,578	—	188,249
Baptists,	881	1,711	91,790
Presbyterians,	584	923	61,251
Cum. Presbyterians,	200	310	25,000
Christians,	130	160	5,300
Episcopalians,	31	60	2,000
Campbellites,	45	56	3,000
Mormonites,	20	—	2,000
Other small sects,	100	200	6,000
Roman Catholic,	150	190	40,000

Foot Railroads.—A writer in the Railroad Journal, under the signature of Publicola, proposes the construction of these roads for the use of individuals, like a foot path. Large railroads must be confined to the great channels of communication between different parts of the country. Foot railroads, constructed at a comparatively inconsiderable expense, the writer thinks, would be a great public benefit, especially to the laboring classes, from the superior facility with which it would enable them to transport their burdens. They would also form a cheap and easy communication with the great thoroughfares. It is estimated that to move five hundred pounds on a level railroad would require only the strength necessary to raise eight pounds over a pulley; and that a man would draw a load of two hundred and eighty pounds a mile and a quarter with as much ease as he would ascend a hill fifty feet high unencumbered.

At Elizabethtown, in Kentucky, on the 18th ult. two children of Mr. Cockerell, one 13 and the other 5 years of age, were killed by lightning. Mr. and Mrs. C. were both injured by the flash.

CITY POLICE.

Reported for the S. E. Post and Bulletin.

An Exile of Erin.—The mutations of fortune experienced in so remarkable a manner by foreigners emigrating to America, by which the destitute and friendless adventurer, after undergoing every vicissitude of poverty and suffering, is suddenly lifted up into the sunshine of prosperity and comfort, were strikingly exemplified in the case of a young Irishman named Tawney, who was brought before the Mayor on Monday morning. He had been picked up on one of the stalls in the market house the preceding night, on which, for want of better quarters, he had stretched himself for sleep, and in spite of an atmosphere too damp and raw for even the beasts of the field, the poor fellow had been visited by nature's sweet restorer, from whose embrace no little effort was required to rouse him. Seldom does a police office present a vagrant with a more honest looking countenance than poor Tawney's. The lad's age was only seventeen, his eye possessed uncommon brightness, and there was an honest freedom about his manner, equally removed from hardihood or impudence, while under a tattered exterior an innocent heart could be readily detected. His crime consisted in being found in the public streets without any occupation by which he could obtain a livelihood. He had landed in New York during the height of the cholera in the summer, escaped thence to a farm on Long Island, where he worked until about a month since, when his employer discharged him for want of something more to do. Returning to New York with a few dollars in his pocket, he pieced out his scanty means by an odd job of work now and then along the wharves, until the approach of mid-winter caused so great a stagnation in business as to throw him entirely out of even that humble employment. Nothing but his last half dollar remained. With that he paid his passage to New Brunswick, thence travelled on foot to this city, looking out in vain for work by the roadside, until he reached Philadelphia on Friday night. He had wandered the whole of Saturday about the streets, scarcely tasting a mouthful of food, when, as night approached, not knowing where to lodge, as he had nothing to pay with, he threw himself down upon a market stall, whence the officer conveyed him to warmer quarters in the watch-house. He expressed his readiness to go to work immediately, if any thing could be found for him to do, and promised, if any one would employ him, even for a bare subsistence, to prove himself a deserving boy. Much interest was excited in a numerous audience who listened to his examination, and when the Mayor appealed to those who heard him, to know if any gentleman present was willing to employ him, as the boy was not able to make a legal indenture for himself, and as no alternative presented but to send poor Tawney to the Alms House as a vagrant, a gentleman stepped forward and expressed his willingness to take the lad home and give him a comfortable berth. On hearing this, Tawney recited, with great earnestness of manner, his determination to prove himself honest, diligent, and capable, towards his master; and while the spectators were felicitating each other on so lucky a termination of an apparently hopeless case of vagrancy, Tawney and his new master left the office in company, and by this time, if the boy be what he has promised, he may be in the high road to that comfortable independence attained by so many of his fellow countrymen from beginnings equally humble.

Charge of Larceny.—A man named Davis applied to the Mayor on Monday, and with violent gesticulations of his hands, legs, eyes, and head, declared that he "had been robbed of every individual thing he had in the world, except what he had on his back." "Let him be sworn," replied his Honor.

Witness. The thief took from me four shirts, three pair of pantaloons, three pair of stockings, two shirts—

Mayor. That's six shirts—we had four at first!

Witness. Stockings I mean—and the shirts were all linen, except the one I have on my back!

Mayor. Let a warrant issue.—And the witness made shift to elucidate the matter to the officer in attendance.

Desperate attempt to Kill.—On Tuesday one Agnew was brought before the Mayor, charged on oath of several highly respectable witnesses, with a desperate assault on Mr. William C. Ervin, with intent to kill. It appeared, from a patient examination of the testimony of many persons who were present when the assault took place, that the prisoner went into the Western Hotel, in Market street above Seventh, kept by Mr. Taylor, about nine o'clock last night, in a state of intoxication. He had no sooner entered, than he commenced abusing Mr. Ervin, who was conversing with some of his friends, and with whom Agnew had no previous acquaintance. He seized Mr. Ervin by the collar of the coat, shook him violently several times, challenged him to fight, and on his declining to quarrel with a drunken man, as well as from respect to his own character and the sickness of Mr. Taylor, who was then very ill, Agnew called him a scoundrel and coward, and heaped the grossest abuse upon him. All this, though given without the slightest provocation, Mr. Ervin put up with for half an hour, until the prisoner's conduct became too abusive for longer endurance. After various unsuccessful attempts on the part of Mr. Wm. Taylor, the landlord's son, to force Agnew into the street, Mr. Ervin attempted to free himself from his intrusion by knocking him down, which operation he performed several times. Agnew was then put out of the house, vowing vengeance on Mr. Ervin, whom he threatened to "blow through." He remained standing on the pavement for some time, when he attempted to re-enter the house, but was repulsed by Mr. Taylor, on whose head he inflicted a stab with some sharp instrument, causing a copious flow of blood. Soon after this, as Mr. Ervin was leaving the house for the purpose of going home, he was attacked by Agnew, and stabbed in the forehead by a sharp instrument. The weapon entered the head between the eyes, and ran down the nose, providentially taking a direction that left the eyesight uninjured, though the escape was truly miraculous. Mr. Ervin retreated into the house, where the wound was dressed by Dr. Barton, who pronounced it not dangerous, though very severe. Agnew still occupied the pavement in front of the hotel, waiting for Mr. Ervin to come forth, and drawing a pair of pistols from his pocket, vowed deadly vengeance on his head. As the man seemed bent on injuring somebody, the watch was called in, and he was taken to the watch-house, whence he procured bail for his appearance this morning. The Mayor, after expressing his abhorrence of the outrage he had attempted on the lives of peaceable citizens, fined him for being drunk, and bound him over in the sum of $2,000 to answer the two assaults at the next Mayor's Court.

We are informed that early on Monday evening last, a gentleman, while passing in the neighborhood of Third and German streets, was violently assaulted and beaten—without having given the slightest provocation—by a gang of boys just verging on to manhood, who infest that vicinity. It is said that they assemble nightly in that neighborhood, and are outrageous in their conduct. The police should be on the alert, and examine into this matter.

From the Newark N. J. Eagle of Friday morning.

MURDER OF MR. RANDOLPH.

Many rumors are afloat relative to this mysterious affair, many of which are probably nothing but rumors; but the following, which comes to us very direct, and of the truth of which we have positive assurance, is of importance. Two letters written by the same hand, but without signature, dated at New York, have been received by a gentleman in Rahway, informing him that Mr. Randolph was murdered at the time and place supposed; that three persons were engaged in the murder, of whom the writer confesses himself to have been one; that four balls were shot into the victim, and that such precautions have been used in disposing of the body that search for it would be fruitless. The writer further states that his conscience is sorely pricked; that in dividing the plunder his accomplices cheated him out of $100; and that if he can have assurances from the Governor of pardon, and be allowed to turn States evidence, he will be glad to do so. He also writes that they had watched Mr. Randolph for some time, and were certain of his having a large sum of money about him; and that another gentleman of that neighborhood barely escaped the same fate, on the same night, by a suspicion that he was not at the time as well provided with money as usual.

In addition, it is said, that $300 of the money is said to be secreted in a glove in a tree, near the place of murder.

Pennsylvania.—The following resolution was passed at a very large public meeting recently held in Carlisle.

Resolved, That we believe the Tariff laws, for the protection of domestic industry, to be constitutional in their principle, beneficial in their operation, and tending to the entire independence of our country, in war and in peace—that, whenever the exigencies of the country shall require their alteration, it should be done in the calmness of national deliberation; but never under the instruments of intimidation; never under the menacing threats of a rebellious State.

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters from Harrisburg.—No. 8.

Among the curiosities to which the attention of the stranger who visits Harrisburg is directed, not the least important is a cave in Cumberland county, about half a mile below the bridge. The shore of the river, for some distance in this vicinity, presents a bold, craggy front, elevated to the height of from one hundred to two hundred feet above the water, which renders access to the mouths of the cave somewhat dangerous. I say mouths, because there are no less than four openings, three of which are close together. The fourth mouth is at the southern extremity, and opens at a place where the rocks are nearly perpendicular. Access to this, from the outside, is almost impossible. You stand, as it were, on a shelf, between heaven and earth, and see above you a tremendous projecting cliff, threatening destruction to the hardy adventurer; and below the water washing at the foot of the rock. The situation is highly romantic.

The usual entrance is by the easternmost cavity, which, though the largest of the three, will not admit one to enter erect. Immediately inside there is much more room; the roof above being perhaps fifteen feet, and the breadth greater. The course of the cavern is ascending, and at some distance leads to a small opening, scarcely large enough to admit a man's body, which crossing under the stage road above, reaches the surface of the ground in a garden belonging to Esquire Wills. Dogs have been known to force their way through from the garden to the cave, but the course must be circuitous, as with the aid of a lanthern, we found it impossible to ascertain its precise direction. The roof of the cavern is completely covered with stalactic carbonate of lime, which assumes a variety of curious and pleasing forms.

In the winter season an immense number of bats, of various species, snakes and other reptiles, are found here in a torpid state, who no doubt make this place a resort when in a state of activity. No tradition gives any satisfactory account of this cave, but one may fairly presume that its advantages for concealment were embraced in times of contention and war. It appears to have been originally a subterraneous water course.

On the bank of the river, in front of the town of Harrisburg, the stranger's observation will be attracted by a fence enclosure, perhaps twenty-five feet square, which contains the remains of a venerable tree, now scathed by storms, and tottering with age. It is surrounded by a row of poplars. The enclosure contains, at the foot of the old tree, a mound under which lie the remains of John Harris, the founder of this borough. Connected with this vestige of a tree this incident is related. That years ago, soon after Harris domiciled in this section, he was pursued one day by a party of hostile Indians. He fled to this tree, but was discovered as he was ascending, brought down, and tied to its butt. In this awful situation, when he expected every moment to receive the arrow which would pierce his heart—when hope had departed, and when nothing remained but to die, the whoop of an Indian was heard at a distance! The interruption delayed the execution—a party of Indians, on friendly terms with those who had bound Mr. Harris, arrived, and one of them instantly recognized in the victim, one who had done him a trifling service. His interference saved Mr. Harris's life; he was unbound and allowed to depart.

A small mound of earth covers the bones of Harris. At his own desire he was laid in this spot, and his descendants have enclosed and marked it, as I have described.

I have but little legislative news to give you this week. On Friday of last week, the tariff question was brought up in the House of Representatives, and discussed. Several good speeches were made, which occupied the whole morning. On the final question, the resolutions reported in the Senate, by Mr. Miller, were adopted, only nine members dissenting. On Saturday, the Harrisburg Water Bill was finally disposed of, there being a small majority in favor of its passage.

On Monday, after the usual presentation of petitions, a spirited debate took place on the claims of Sarah Cross for aid, the widow of a soldier of the revolution. The case was this: the Committee on Claims, to whom the subject had been referred, reported against the application of the lady, on the ground that she was not married to Daniel Cross, at the time of the revolution. Mr. Mathias, from Philadelphia county, having presented the original petition, and feeling an interest for the lady, moved to amend the resolution attached to the report, by striking out all after the word Resolved, and inserting, "That the Committee be directed to bring in a bill granting the applicant a gratuity of forty dollars."

Upon this amendment the debate ensued. It was supported by Messrs. Keating, Ashbridge, Matthias, Clarkson, Gibbon, Thompson, of Venango, and Bayne; and opposed by Messrs. Lacock, Buchanan, Batz, and Valentine. The amendment was adopted by a large majority.

The Internal Improvement Bill came on the carpet the same morning, and occupied the attention of the House until the hour of adjournment. It will probably consume the balance of the week, as it will be attacked both by improvement men and those opposed to improvement—the former, because the appropriations are not large enough, and the latter because they are too large.

Washington, January 24, 1833.

Mr. Atkinson:—My last letter was not many hours on its way to my native city, when a message was received by the Senate from the President, on the subject of the Carolina affair, of which you will have seen, before this reaches you, a good synopsis in the National Intelligencer. It would be impossible to convey to you an idea of the sensation this important document created. Its reading occupied something more than an hour, during which time the members were spell-bound, and seemed to be all ears. As soon as it was concluded, Mr. Grundy moved its reference to the Committee on the Judiciary, and to have it printed together with the accompanying documents. Mr. Calhoun then rose in evident excitement, and delivered a very long and impassioned speech. I never saw an orator who appeared to feel so strongly on the subject of which he spoke. He said South Carolina joined the confederacy with a full understanding that she had a perfect right to judge for herself of the expediency of resisting oppression, or a secession from the Union; and for so doing, in the honest integrity of her belief, she was now set upon and threatened with force. He declared she had no intention of using any other than a peaceable remedy, till troops and ammunity were sent into her borders! But this was rather too much for us to believe—it is like the Yankee pedlar, who declared the goods he was offering were worth twenty dollars, but he would sell them for ten! The reiteration of the peaceable remedy is, and has been all along, intended to blind the public eye; it is a happy circumstance that our General Government saw clearly that the safest course was to be prepared for a warlike remedy; let the demagogues talk as they would, their public acts certainly belied their professions.

That the liberties of the country are in danger, who can doubt? That a proper vigilance is exercised by the government is matter of sincere congratulation; that Congress should truckle to the spirit of the Carolinians, and reduce the tariff to conciliate them is equally a sorrowful prospect, in which I will not and cannot indulge. No attempt has heretofore been made to war with the government which will leave so lasting a stigma on its authors as this same nullification—a word which you, I dare say, as well as myself are heartily sick and tired of seeing. We await here the coming of the first of February, the day fixed on for open resistance to the revenue laws, much in the humor of people who expect an earthquake. Some say, that the majority of able bodied men, in the adjoining states, will fly immediately to the relief of the nullifiers, while others as stoutly deny it, though most seem willing to admit that in extremity some show of resistance will be made from that quarter. A rumor prevailed to-day that South Carolina was about to reassemble the Convention, and postpone operations for another year. Be it as it may, I am still further confirmed in my former opinion, that Congress will not act on the tariff materially till Carolina lays down her arms. The President's message, after some further discussion, was referred, as originally moved, to the Committee on the Judiciary.

On the 18th, in the Senate, the public lands being again under discussion, Mr. Tipton's resolution, that an inquiry be instituted by the committee on that subject, into the expediency of devoting one quarter section to each of the widows and orphans of those citizens who fell in the late war with the Indian tribes of the North Western frontier, when Mr. Clayton said he had no objection to that inquiry, provided it was so worded as to embrace those who fell in the war of the Revolution, as well as other wars in which the United States have been engaged. This was agreed to as well as the resolution. It seems a difficult matter to know what to do with these lands; perhaps some happy idea may yet be elicited by the debates on the subject.*

The subject of the French claims occupies some attention, and with smaller matters the time and attention of the members seem as fully occupied as they would desire. I shall keep my letter open for the last mail that will reach you in time for publication.

This mail will convey to you the project of a bill reported by Mr. Wilkins, from the Committee on the Judiciary, to which the President's Message respecting nullification had been referred. As you will no doubt republish the bill itself, I will only say that the bill is in substance such as the President recommended. It proposes the removal of the Custom House to a place of security, and the means to protect the officers of the United States, and also a useful provision by which the revenue trials shall be removed from the state courts to those of the United States. The President is authorized to collect sufficient military force to repel force, if necessary, when the proceedings of the federal courts are obstructed. This is a strong measure, but surely it is necessary. As time develops the plot, the people will see the necessity of rallying round the laws, and see them executed; and that the people will do this, there is no fear. The bill was read, and ordered to a second reading.

The Committee on the Congress Library have introduced a bill to subscribe to Duff Green's stereotype edition of the Laws of the United States, and Matthew St. Clair Clarke's Documentary History of the Union. Mr. Dallas introduced the resolutions of the Pennsylvania Legislature, opposed to the passage of the bill reported by the Committee of Ways and Means. No further progress was made in the Public Land bill, except speechifying.

In the House, several private bills were presented and referred, as well as several from the standing committees of no great pith or moment. Much speech-

* Our correspondent will perceive, by our paper of to-day, that a project has been set on foot which promises at the first blush to unite all parties.

making on the tariff bill was followed by a motion that the committee rise, which was carried.

Much complaint is made of the irregularity of the mails. Some no doubt will make the excuse of the weather, but that is not sufficient to account for all I hear of. Some New York editors have formed an express of their own, which carries the news to them about as soon as you get it in Philadelphia. Some more energy is required in the department.

MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT.

On Wednesday, of last week, after our Correspondent's letter had been deposited in the Post Office, a very important Message was received by Congress, from the President of the United States. The following summary conveys its substance:

From the National Intelligencer.

A message of much importance was transmitted by the President of the United States to both Houses yesterday. The subject of it is the existing difficulty between the General Government and the State of South Carolina; and the Message was accompanied by copies of the several acts, proclamations, &c. which have emanated from both Governments.

The Message opens by a reference to the last annual message of the Executive to Congress, and to the intimation therein contained, that, should any emergency arise, rendering the execution of the laws of the United States for the collection of the revenue impracticable in any quarter of the Union, application should be made to Congress for such aid as they might appear to require. The message then goes on to say that events which have occurred in the quarter then alluded to, or which have come to the knowledge of the President subsequently to the date of his Annual Message, do present this emergency, as made known to him by the official transmission to him of certain acts of the State of South Carolina. The President then adverts to his Proclamation of the 10th of December, explaining his views, &c; to his expectation that that Proclamation would not have been without effect, which reasonable expectation has not been realised, as appears by the several acts of the Legislature of the State of South Carolina, which, he says, are calculated, both in their positive enactments, and in the spirit of opposition which they obviously encourage, wholly to obstruct the collection of the revenue within the limits of that State.

Referring to the ordinance of the convention, &c. the President says that no intimation has been received of the re-assemblage of that body, and the interval between now and the 1st of February, the day when the Ordinance is to take effect, is too short to allow of the preliminary steps being taken for that purpose. The President adds, that in the mean time the State Authorities are actively engaged in organizing their military resources, and providing means for supporting them, &c., and giving the most solemn assurances of protection and support to all who shall enlist in opposition to the revenue laws of the United States; and the Governor of the State has, in a recent proclamation openly defied the authority the Executive of the Union, and invited volunteers to sustain the defiance. Thus, says the Message, South Carolina presents herself in the attitude of hostile preparation, and ready even for military violence, if need be, to enforce her law for preventing the collection of the duties upon imports within her limits.

The President then proceeds at large to lay before Congress not only the act and proceedings of South Carolina, but also freely to acquaint them with those steps which he has already caused to be taken for the due collection of the revenue, and with his views of the subject generally, that the suggestions which the Constitution in his opinion requires him to make in regard to future legislation thereupon may be the better understood.

The Message goes on to state that instructions have been some time ago issued from the Treasury to the Revenue Officers, pointing out their respective duties under the existing laws, &c., taking nullification on the ground professed by its advocates, that it was peaceful in its nature. Since which time, circumstances had changed, and, reviewing the history of the proceedings in South Carolina, &c., the President invites the attention of Congress to certain acts of that State, as published in the newspapers of the State, of which, although requested, the Executive had not succeeded in obtaining official copies from the proper authority of the State. If these acts, says the President, cannot be defeated and overcome by the exercise of the powers conferred on the Federal Government, the Constitution must be considered as incompetent to its own defence, the supremacy of the laws is at an end, and the rights and liberties of the people can no longer receive protection from the Government of the Union.

These aggressions on the authority of Congress, the Message adds, are moreover absolute, indefinite, and without limitation; they offer to the United States no alternative but unconditional submission. It is true, that, in their address to other States, the South Carolina Convention profess to submit a plan of taxation which they would agree to; it is true also that the Governor of the State, in his Message, suggests the call of a Convention of the States as an alternative: but it is also true that the conditions on which they "would be willing to acquiesce" form no part of the Ordinance; and, even if these terms were offered in the same binding form as the Ordinance, they are so undefined, and depend upon so many contingencies, and are so opposed to the known opinions and interest of the great body of the American People, as to be almost hopeless of attainment—and the shortness of the time would make them impossible, if they were not otherwise impracticable.

By these various proceedings, the Message says the State of South Carolina has forced upon the General Government the unavoidable duty of deciding on the new and dangerous alternative of permitting the State to obstruct the execution of the laws within its limits, or seeing it attempt to execute the threat of withdrawing from the Union. Both these purposes, says the message, are revolutionary in their character and tendency, and subversive of the laws and of the integrity of the Union.

The Message then enters at length into a discussion of the rights of the Government and of the States, &c. and adds that, in deciding upon the course imposed upon the authorities of the Union, in the present crisis, it must not be overlooked, that there is no sufficient cause for the acts of South Carolina, or for her placing in jeopardy the happiness of so many millions of people. To establish which, the message enters into a recital of the alledged grievances, with some examination of their reality, &c.

The President then adverts to the solemn duty imposed by the oath of the Executive, to take care that the laws be executed, and examines the extent of the powers already conferred on him for that purpose. Subsequently to the date of the instructions to Collectors, already referred to, and to the passage of the ordinance, information is said to have reached the Executive that it would be impracticable for the Collector of Charleston to preserve the custody of vessels detained by him, against any attempt to remove vessels and cargoes from his custody. The removal of the custom house, therefore, from Charleston to Castle Pinckney, was deemed a measure of necessary precaution. From the nature of things, however, a similar precaution cannot be observed with respect to the ports of Georgetown and Beaufort, in South Carolina.

After requiring to the various penal and other provisions of the late State acts, the message suggests the protection of the collection of the revenue, by placing the Custom House beyond the immediate power of the Courts. The message also suggests the expediency of providing by law that the President of the United States may be authorized to alter and abolish such of the districts and ports of entry, in any State, as shall be necessary, and to establish the Custom House of any port so abolished, in some secure port or harbor of the same state, &c.

As even these provisions cannot always protect the officers of the customs in the discharge of their duty, the Message further recommends the revival, with some modifications better adapted to the occasion, of the 6th section of the act of the 3d of March, 1815, authorizing the removal of causes against officers of the Government, in certain cases, from the State Courts to the Courts of the United States. It is also suggested as expedient, by modifying the existing legal provision on the subject, to authorize the Marshal to make the necessary provision for the safe keeping of prisoners committed under the authority of the United States.

The Message closes with some remarks, in which the President expresses his reliance on the disposition of each department of the Government to perform its duty. Whilst a forbearing spirit may, and trusts will, be exercised towards the errors of our brethren in a particular quarter, duty to the rest of the Union (says the President) demands that open and organized resistance to the laws shall not be executed with impunity. He trusts that the present difficulties may result in proving that the Constitution and the Laws are supreme, and the Union indissoluble.

The whole Message, of which this is but a brief and meagre outline, is written with much ability, and the whole contents of it, when published at large, will command universal attention. The reading of it produced, in both Houses a very considerable sensation, but not greater than was natural on such an occasion.

We make room in addition for the following very striking paragraphs from the Message itself:—

I have no knowledge that an attempt has been made, or that it is in contemplation, to reassemble either the Convention or the Legislature; and it will be perceived that the interval before the first of February is too short to admit of the preliminary steps necessary for that purpose. It appears, moreover, that the State authorities are actively organizing their military resources, and providing the means, and giving the most solemn assurance of protection and support to all who shall enlist in opposition to the revenue laws.

A recent proclamation of the present Governor of South Carolina has openly defied the authority of the Executive of the Union, and general orders from the head quarters of the State, announced his determination to accept the services of volunteers, and his belief, that should their country need their services, they will be found at the post of honor and duty, ready to lay down their lives in her defence. Under these orders, the forces referred to are directed to "hold themselves in readiness to take the field at a moment's warning;" and in the city of Charleston, within a collection district, and a port of entry, a rendezvous has been opened for the purpose of enlisting men for the magazine and municipal guard. Thus South Carolina presents herself in the attitude of hostile preparation, and ready even for military violence, if need be, to enforce her laws for preventing the collection of the duties within her limits.

Proceedings thus announced and matured, must be distinguished from menaces of unlawful resistance by irregular bodies of people, who, acting under temporary delusion, may be restrained by reflection and the influence of public opinion, from the commission of actual outrage. In the present instance, aggression may be regarded as committed when it is officially

authorized, and the means of enforcing it fully provided.

Under these circumstances, [illegible]

[illegible]

ANDREW JACKSON.

Washington, Jan. 16, 1833.

Monday, January 21, 1833.

IN SENATE.

Mr. DALLAS presented [illegible] of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, [illegible] bill now pending in [illegible] Laid on the table and [illegible]

Mr. DALLAS presented [illegible] merchants in Philadelphia [illegible] Delaware, be made a p[illegible] Committee on Commerce [illegible]

Mr. WILKINS, from [illegible] ciary, to whom was ref[illegible] sident of the United St[illegible] tive to the proceeding[illegible] the following bill, whi[illegible] printed:

A BILL

Further to provide for the collection of duties on imports.

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* [illegible]

[illegible]

From the Washington Globe.

SECRET HISTORY OF NULLIFICATION.

[illegible]

From the Baltimore Visiter.

A YANKEE TRICK.

[illegible]

SINGULAR WHIRLWIND.

[illegible]

Tariff Convention.

[illegible]

THE MARKETS.

[illegible]

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, January 26, 1833.

We have already stated, though not in any boasting mood, that we number on our list more subscribers than any other newspaper in America. The extent of our circulation, therefore, for the same expenditure of paper annually, without including the Casket, which equals ours with which we are acquainted. We now announce for the Post and Baldwin's weekly sheet—the issues of which are the largest of any kept-up newspapers of the present sheet. Each sheet weighs on an average forty pounds, making a yearly consumption of nine-score thousand eight hundred and forty-pounds, or forty-four tons per annum! This would require more than twice Commerce wagons to transport it on a good average road, and to accommodate it by hand twenty-two packhorses would be required to work regularly, and with no more than the utmost interchange of labor, and the endeavor to show the patronage extended to newspapers in America, begging our readers at the same time not to be deterred from taking it on account of the size—we hope they are deprived by this time to believe we give them something more valuable.

Considerable difference of opinion exists here as to the propriety of publishing Phillips' Speech on the Bank. T. W. Morgan has offered to supply the Constitu with equal quantities of winter and summer oil at 80 cents per gallon, and 20 per cent. less than the calculations of the committee.

WHAT NEXT?—Among the numerous fry of small periodicals we perceive the *Maker's Magazine*—a new paper under the title of the *Kitchen Cabinet* would be very taking.

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM PENN.

THE CASKET, for JANUARY will be issued on Wednesday next, containing, among other embellishments (for the particulars of which we refer the reader to our advertising columns) a very finely engraved portrait of the Founder of Pennsylvania. The head is a miniature of the skill of the engraver was taken from the best which stood in the Loganian Library in this city, and which could be had, and the likeness is said to be a distinguished lawyer then in existence. The fire at that institution of January 1811, destroyed the invaluable relics of Penn, and this is the only one that can serve to perpetuate the features of one whose character the world has long delighted in reverence.

In the death of our townsman, *William Rush*, the sculptor, we have lost a man of genius, and an ornament to the country. To Mr. Rush we are indebted for leading the way in the ornamental department of figure heads for ships, and had he been early in life taught to work in more imperishable materials than wood, his fame and merit would have been known to distant posterity. As it is, he will have the honor of having been the *first Statuary* in America who ever gave a good likeness of the human form as large as life. His figure heads were long the admiration of the English, who could not but wherein to ascribe the production of Indian and other figures. Some of his productions at the Philadelphia water works are admirable, and will no doubt be long preserved. We observed recently that such a man should have descended to the tomb without one notice from the daily press. Mr. Rush was a valuable citizen—he had for many years served as a member of Councils, and was an active member of the winning committee, which brought into effect the system which has since evaluated the cheap mode of supplying Philadelphia with good and wholesome water.

THEATRICAL.

Master Burke and the Rural Family have drawn respectable audiences. At the benefit of the former, on Wednesday, he performed two favorite characters, and the whole concluded much to the delight of the amused.

At Arch street, the new tragedy of Dion has been well received.

But all lovers of music were on the tiptoe of expectation for the Italian Opera, which opened at the Chestnut street theatre on Monday last, perhaps with as much "beauty and fashion" as characterised the same event in the Kemble days. Whether the company but the listeners were evidently qualified to appreciate the taste and science of the performance. Long and loud applause showed the general satisfaction given. An instructive observer would probably not reflect, that the congregation of musical talent necessary to the performance of an opera, as an affair of mouth, is costly, and that the Italian Opera, without the subscription of a single prominent performer, spoils the whole, as but one of such a company is generally qualified for music, to the exclusion of the rest. When the ensemble is understood by a musical ear, it presents much beautiful order; and when it is remembered that in Europe the Opera is performed in a cottage of royal splendor, attended with great expense, and that every trivialer who wrote a book, speaks of getting his engagements, it becomes a matter of wonder, for every well informed person to see and hear for himself, once at least, this delightful enchantment; and for which he will understand what he reads on the same subject much better. Madame Pedrotti, the Prima Donna, is a fine looking woman, with a voice of great compass and power. An apology was made for her on account of indisposition, but we are sure none was necessary—she is unquestionably the finest female singer we ever heard in this country. Signor Montresor is handsome, and possesses a powerful and flexible voice. A single representation is not sufficient to become acquainted with the talents of the several performers, we shall therefore defer further notice till next week.

EXTRACT of a letter to the Editor dated

"CHARLESTON, S. C. January 16, 1833.

"The unhappy state of affairs here is drawing hundreds from their homes and firesides, to seek peace and security."

The Fall River Minuter of Saturday last has this paragraph. "The committee appointed by the citizens of Fall River to cause a thorough investigation to be made in the circumstance connected with the death of Sarah H. Cornell, and to report such measures as are taken to bring to justice any person or persons who may be found concerned in the murder, have duly have persued with deep regret the report of the testimony by Lucy Drury, Esq. in the examination of Ephraim Bowen, Jr. of Bristol, charged with the murder of the said Sarah H. Cornell. And regret that the duty of the committee is unfinished, and in the opinion of the committee is calculated to convey an erroneous impression as to the facts and merits of the case. The committee consider the statement due from them to the public, and especially respectful to the friends of the case any be delayed until the committee shall have an opportunity to lay before them a full statement of all the facts in the case."

It is stated that Avery has been taken, but the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer says, that "a resolution passed the House of Assembly of Rhode Island, authorizing the Governor to offer a reward of $600 for the apprehension of the Rev. R. R. Avery."

We shall endeavor to give the full account of the testimony next week, which has been excluded to-day, by much other important matter.

We understand from Col. Reeside, that the express which left Washington a few days since, returned to that city, having completed the whole journey in two short stages of five days, including the eleven hours detension at Charleston. The distance between the two cities is 760 miles; from which source we understood that another express has gone with orders to go through in 48 hours.—*Boston.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

We have received from Carey & Hart, the week, another novel by Miss Austin, entitled *Northanger Abbey*, in two volumes. It is preceded by a neat notice of the authoress. Those reprints are received by the public with much favor. Though the most delicate of the species in the country; but she is exceedingly kind and grateful for favors, and has a heart for any poor person, in taking from her log some apples and cakes to feed him; and on Saturday with her own hands, accidentally disengaged her cord case, which dropped on the floor. Tom Bowline picked and the gentle Miss Julet to see "Capt. Dick" enjoy herself. It was but a moment, however, before she had her pocket. It was but a moment, however, before she had her pocket. It was but a moment, however, before she had her pocket

THE OLIO.

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity;
Spare that wrinkled care divides,
And laughter, holding both his sides.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

QUESTION FOR SOLUTION.

The difference of two numbers is fifteen and a half; their product is equal to the cube of the less number. Required the numbers?

N. J. H.

If a diving bell, of the form of a parabolic conoid, be let down into the sea to the several depths of 5, 10, and 15 fathoms, it is required to ascertain the respective heights to which the water will rise within it: its axis and the diameter of its base being each 8 feet, and the quicksilver in the barometer standing at 30 inches.

A. J. A.

[From Blackwood's Magazine for December.]

THE AGE OF WONDERS!!
Or, the New Wish Wash.

A NEW SONG.

TUNE.—*"Wash Maiden tan deep".*

I wonder what we're coming to,
For at present they seem to be on the increase—
Every day we've a new thing either with sound or sense,
And all to either Telegraph and his assist—

Wash! wash! and wash!
Which nobody can deny.

Are we governed on the wash of a wonderful rate,
When those whom it soon was a credit unable,
Can give a plain kingdom of Belgium
Just because it would render their boundaries straight!
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

London that is perfect a very wash wonderment too,
Where the Corporation for that purpose grew,
And the Lord Mayor he has that office given,
And he's got to do the same tuneless person—
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

And I own that it makes my number so ready
To hear of the Wash of the Lords and Commons,
At that my tuneful Prosperity pervades the land—
To hear of the Wash of the Lords and Commons,
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

The wondrous wash how our debt will be paid
By the proposals What-ner, for Mr. Rothschild's head!
How the country will thrive and our fortunes be made!
Thereby a lot of rich noblemen and gentlemen the wash!
Which nobody can deny, deny,
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Oh! who can reflect upon wonders like these,
And not be in love with the new French régime?
So down with the Dutch, and their bribes and cheese—
It's pure rational love I think of proposing
Which nobody can deny, deny,
Which nobody can deny.

It is a very common occurrence for European emigrants, when about to pass up Lake Erie from Buffalo, to stipulate with the captains of the furnish them with water during the passage. An Irishman, having engaged his passage up the Lake, and having put his family and goods on board, when the last gang for departure was embarking. The head had hardly got off when he came running down with a five gallon keg on his shoulder. On being asked why he came to be absent at such a time, he said, he had been up into the village to procure a keg of water, so that in case they should be put upon short allowance, he had his family well stored with a supply! The Lake is, as we all know, fresh water.

HOW TO BECOME SHORT-SIGHTED.—A person

with the best sight may make himself short-sighted, by merely wearing spectacles. Glasses have met with some simple young gentlemen at college, who purchased the cheapest they can obtain, and became permanently short-sighted. The retina accustomed to the reception of light, sent from very close objects, becomes insensible to those more remote, and consequently loses its power. Hence watch-makers are short-sighted, and sailors the reverse.—*Mechanic's Mag.*

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THE LADIES AT LONG QUARANTINE.—The Duke of Modena has ordered that no woman shall enter magical precincts of the lazaretto that he was murdered by one. This old crab might ought to be pinched to death by such takers; and he *will* die some unnatural death unless he repent.—*Camden Journal.*

Would you know this boy to be my son from his resemblance to me? Look at the gentleman. Mr. Curran answered, you stir the maker's name is stamped upon the child.

It is said, that Collins, in throwing a stone at William IV.'s head, designed to overthrow the monarchy. He actually directed the attack against the *King's Crown.*

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FEMININE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—Some smart lassie came during the late fine weather to the door, took a *smoke* with the landlord and the landlady, tossing the short black pipe from one to the other. Disgusting as this practice is, it is not so much so as to see in its stead a young female in their business, and promptly discharged those duties which outwardly adorn and inwardly purify society, better qualified than some others, to take the lead.

In those days, and in that place, the utility of suspenders was not known—in fact it was difficult to find a pair; and as for the modern inventions of the breeches of the old men, and the trowsers of the young ones and boys, they were the height of judgment and convenience that would baffle the skill of your Hartford rifles to find a parallel even to equal, not even excepting that monarch of tailors, lately gone from the North Wing to the metropolis. The gauge for height, was, to have the waistband rule the hip bone, and the length downward, equal to that from the calf to the ankle, and somewhat looser than the skin. Shirts of checks and of stripes were in vogue, mixed with a flock of substantial tow cloth. The women were all neatly attired in home manufactures, and entirely by their own hands.—*Hartford Adv.*

FASHION.—What could exhibit a more fantastical appearance than an old beau's head in the 14th century? He wore long pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains; long or one color on the one leg, and another color on the other; short breeches which did not reach to the middle of his thighs—a coat, the one half white, the other half black or blue; a long beard, a silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing men, &c., and sometimes ornamented with gold and precious stones. This dress was the height of the mode in the reign of King Edward III.—*Henry's History of England.*

LITERARY PROFANITY.—A Dublin editor endeavoring to say something of Sir Walter Scott, on the death of Sir Walter Scott, has this sacrilegious sentence: " *Next to Burns, Scotland cannot boast the memory of a nobler poet.*" No man venerates the memory of Burns more warmly than we do, but he who would talk about the character of Marmion and Ivanhoe, as "next" to him who was merely the best writer of Scotch ballads, would speak of the Atlantic Ocean as a mere tributary to the Lake Memphremagog.—*Camden Journal.*

One of the northern papers mentions the destruction of a *heifer* fetcher by lightning. We suppose by fire. We have a little puzzled at this paragraph. We suppose, however, it must mean that some rascally cattle thief has been struck to death.

A Scotch parson, in his prayer, said, Lairdy bless the grand council, the parliament, and grand jury hoose, together with the inspector of sending by, remarked, Yes, yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better—and I'm sure the people will say the same. But, friends, said the parson, I don't mean as that fellow does, that would be only a little puzzled at this paragraph. We suppose, however, it must mean that some rascally cattle thief has been struck to death.

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The word FAST is as great a contradiction as we have in the language. The Delaware was FAST, because the ice was immovable; and the ice disappeared very FAST, for the contrary reason—it was loose. A clock is called FAST, when it goes quicker than time; but a race is held to be FAST, when he is desired to restrain still more. People FAST when they have nothing to eat, and eat FAST when provided; when opportunity offers. The prescript " make haste slowly" involves a kind of consistency, when supposes that it means if you wish to go fast, in an uncertain path, take FAST hold of every assistance.

A MURDER.—A newspaper has this advertisement: "*Cats wanted at the office.*" Our imagination wonders of what use cats can be in a printing office, unless to feed rats.

INTIMATE FAMILY CONNEXION.—The Cholera Morbus is travelling so fast to the prosperous towns, and the high prices of rents, remarks: "If some person would erect a large number of *cheap* tenements for small families, he would realize a good profit, and do the town some service." We think there are a great many families so mixed up together that they hardly know which is which.

AN UNLUCKY THIEF.—A man who keeps a Hotel in Paris, has a country house at Passy, where he has a garden, in which a loaf of sugar, worth 25 pounds, and deposited it in his study." While absent a few minutes the sugar disappeared, and the owner, very conscientiously lost drove home. In the course of the same evening, a fellow came to pay a bill, bowing, and with a very large loaf of sugar for sale, having brought it all the way from Paris on his back.

Two honest Hibernians in this town, conversing upon the subject of working engines, one of them exclaimed, "Arrah, look to the man who's been working by the daily light in a lamp, when the blessed sun is shining enough for us to see by, and not look?" reasoned the other, "is the dirty send of him ever invented working at all, at all."—*Lowell Compend.*

A HEAVY DEBAUCH.—"Has Mr. Bred got any cakes about the house to-day?" inquired a lady of the coming-room down. "Yes, he has," "Well, I want to get some to-morrow." "He has got enough for you," replied his friend, "for if your eyes had been smaller, your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

THE RULING PASSION.—A lady, who had been "cheapening" a quarter of an ounce of sewing silk, at a shop in Regent street, shortly after at the Post Office for an advertised letter. The clerk, after counting the fee, discovered there were three inch her up, threw the postage of which was 18d cents. The lady enjoyed at the thing rather than pay the 18d, and take them without one of "a beat down," exclaimed, "I would rather have he would put the letter in the fire, if she would take the three sent!"

SELFISH.—We overheard a conversation the other day, the substance of which was as follows: I cool B. that in a late trade, someone had overreached him; B. answered, "Well, overreached me, I don't care, provided he's with "no, no, friend B. let me alone, save your pity for the next one I trade with."—*Laurel Compend.*

Distance from Washington, D. C. to the following principal cities and towns.

	MILES.		MILES.
Halifax, N. S.	660	Richmond,	137
St. John's, N. B.	808	Petersburg,	148
Quebec, L. C.	700	Charleston,	636
Montreal, do.	585	Savannah,	658
Boston, Mass.	440	Louisville, Ky.	600
Beckett's Harbor,	473	Fayetteville, Ark.	906
Albany,	324	Mobile, Ala.	1044
Utica,	387	Huntsville, do.	749
Hartford, Conn.	326	Cahawba, do.	1000
New York,	227	Nashville, Tenn.	727
Trenton,	178	Murfreesborough,	780
Philadelphia,	137	Natchez, Miss.	1269
Baltimore,	40	Jackson, Miss.	1200
Frederick, Md.	70	Vincennes, do.	720
Pittsburg, Pa.	225	Edwardsville, Ill.	836
Erie, do.	325	Kaskaskia, do.	1000
Williamsport, Md.	227	Lexington, Ky.	600
Harrisburg, Pa.	120	Frankfort, do.	630
Marietta, Ohio,	297	Pensacola, Fla.	900
Cincinnati, do.	500	Fort Jackson, do.	1000
Columbus, do.	418	Natchitoches, do.	1048
Chillicothe, do.	404	Baton Rouge, do.	1200
Zanesville, do.	345	Jefferson, Miss.	1019
Wheeling, Va.	300	Detroit, Mich.	1000
Steubenville, do.	265	Little Rock, Ark.	1127

Rural Economist.

SALT FOR CATTLE.

We are fully impressed with the idea that a free and constant feeding of salt to cattle is essential to their good condition, especially as a preventive of the foot and mouth disease. In our stock farms have nothing but ordinary pasture, and we have taken to keep it always in their reach, for which purpose we invariably have a trough in a convenient places in the pasture every alternate day, and this, whether the previous supply has been exhausted or not, that the salt may not be broken by forgetfulness. It was feared at first they would eat too much, but experience has shown that they will only take the proper quantity, however much may be laid before them. The effect is visible in every way; high condition of all the animals, and particularly in the extraordinary healthy state of the coat, a matter of the milch cows. The salt gives tone to the digestive organs, and therefore causes a good appetite, and a uniformly healthy state of the bowels. The result is a high and healthy secretion of the yeasty stuff that was incensed quantity of rich milk from the milking cows. The salt, without question, is also another important advantage: it induces the feeding of eat much of the rank and coarse herbage of the pasture which would be passed over by their more delicate appetites. A wet cattle in pastures far superior to sure, in very low condition; but in every case the answer is that they will take more to keep them healthy and regularly" " yes, I give them salt once in a week, or would to that extent." Others, "once-in-a-while" practice won't do. They must have it regularly and frequently.

Water must also be within the reach of all animals at all times, and that of the purest quality. Some farmers, having no running water in their pastures, give them in troughs, others in ponds, and by driving them to a spring, or pump, or stream. They may want water at most times, and, may not, but when they do, they certainly do not get it at all times when they want it. Of this we can speak from experience. Who could possibly do with water only at certain times, and those always in a hurry to come? With the human species this would be inappropriable, it is the bane of all animals, and the whole benefit of water depends upon its being taken when the stomach calls for it. Want of all kinds causes that confusion in the transport and nature of animal life and health, is the cause of disease, and the impaired condition of their stock in one month, will induce them to continue in that state for two, and it will require again see their cattle licking one another, and filling their stomachs with "*which bulks.*"

TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES.—There is no more large fruit or forest trees that you want to transplant during winter, will do well to dig a trench around them, cutting all the ground becomes frozen, and also to dig the holes into which the trees are to stand when removed with their balls of earth. After the ground has become frozen, fill the holes with snow, and allow it to remain sufficient time for the bottom earth to freeze when they may be removed without any soil, and will do well enough, in the places prepared, and by means of logs and rollers brought, and made fast either by surrounding the roots with earth or by fastening with ropes or bath, as judgment may direct. Large trees may thus be transplanted without material injury.—*Genesee Farmer.*

DAIRY SECRET.—Have ready live pans in boiling water; and on the milk's coming to the dairy, take the hot pans out of the water, put the milk into one of them, and cover it over with the other. This will occasion great augmentation in the thickness and quality of the cream.—*N. E. Farmer.*

To Remove Grease Spots from Paper.—Let the paper stained with grease, wax, oil, or any other fat body, be placed before a fire, taking out as much as possible of it, by blotting paper. Dip a small brush in the essential oil of well-rectified spirits of turpentine, heated almost to distillation, (for when cold it acts very weakly) and draw it gently over both sides of the paper, which must be carefully kept warm. Let this operation be repeated with fresh oil of turpentine till the spot, imbibed by the paper, or the thickness of the paper, will render necessary. When the greasiness is removed, to restore the paper to its former whiteness, dip another brush in the chloride of lime and soda, and draw it in like manner, over the place; and particularly round the edges of the spot, lest a border that would still present a stain. If the process has been employed on a part, written or with common ink, or printed with printer's ink, it will experience no alteration.

To Preserve Houses from Vermin.—Bugs, in particular, may readily be destroyed by dissolving half a drachm of corrosive sublimate, in a quarter of an ounce of spirit of salts, mixing it with one quart of spirit of turpentine: shake them well together, and rub it on the wrong side; then dry it before a fire.

To Clean Black Silks.—To bullock's gall, add boiling water sufficient to make it warm, and with a soft brush, dipped in the mixture, rub the silks, squeeze it well out, and proceed again in the same way, till clean. Hang them in the air, change the water till perfectly clean, dry it in the air, and pin it out on a table; but if you have not room, fold and rub it on the wrong side; then dry it before a fire.

Removal.

MRS. HENLEY respectfully begs leave to inform her friends and the public, that she has removed to her commodious premises, No. 20 North Second street, where she has on hand a large assortment of Millinery, Dress and Cap Ribbons, Artificial Flowers, Feathers, Head Dresses, Bonnets, Hats, Caps, Gloves, Hosiery, Fancy Goods, and other articles too numerous to mention. She returns her thanks to the public for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon her, and hopes by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same. dec 22—3t

Assignment.

NOTICE is hereby given, that I have this day assigned all my property to WM. WEST, of the city of Philadelphia, for the benefit of my creditors, and that all persons indebted to me are requested to make payment to the said assignee, and all persons having demands against me are requested to present them to him for settlement. All persons interested in the above assignment will please sign the same at the office of the subscriber, No. 20 North Second street.

JAMES SOPER.
Philadelphia, Dec. 22, 1832. dec 22—3t

New Jewellery Store.

SPLENDID FILLAGREE EAR RINGS, &c.—The subscriber has just received from Paris a splendid assortment of Filligree Ear Rings, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, Bracelets, Necklaces, Chains, Watches, Watch Keys, Watch Chains, Seals, Keys, Pencil Cases, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Razors, Razor Cases, Razor Strops, Pocket Books, Purses, Tweezers, Combs, Brushes of every description, Shaving Boxes, Pomatum Pots, Cologne Bottles, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Fancy Boxes, Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, Portfolios, Backgammon Boards, Chessmen, Dominoes, Cribbage Boards, Cribbage Pins, Playing Cards, Fancy Articles, Toys, Musical Instruments, Violin Strings, Guitar Strings, Flageolet Strings, Flute Strings, Violin Bows, Violin Cases, Violin Rosin, Violin Pegs, Violin Tailpieces, Violin Screws, Violin Bridges, Violin Boxes, Violin Mutes, Violin Rests, Violin Chin Pieces, Violin Keys, Violin Tuning Forks, Violin Tuning Pins, Violin Nuts, Violin Fingerboards, Violin Pegboards